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April 1892

the lady had given him absolutely no assurance that any closer tie to the inmates of the Towers than that now existing was at all desired. However, on the principle that "Faint heart never won fair lady" he determined to ask Gracie to be his wife at the first opportunity. This came sooner than he had hoped for. Mrs. B. had as clear an insight into the state of affairs as the most matrimonial mamma ever had, and she was quite sincere in her reply to her young friend's offer to accompany her on a visit to some cottage where sickness had broken out, that she would "rather go alone."

This arrangement left the young people entirely to their own resources, and Bertie was not slow to take advantage of the opportunity. Perhaps it would have been better if he had waited until their acquaintance had ripened into friendship, but his argument was that living under the same roof and being constantly in each others society, must in itself produce a greater degree of intimacy than usually falls to the lot of a young person, who cares for another and is anxious for that other to care for him or her in return. Be that as it may, Bertie's proposal met with a refusal given so calmly that it left little doubt that it was genuine, and bitter indeed was his disappointment.

"Don't say anything now," he pleaded, "I see now I have done wrong in speaking to you so soon; I don't ask you to forget what I have said, but think how dearly I care for you and try and teach yourself to like me ever so little."

"That is just it Mr. Herbert," for so she had always addressed him. "I do like you a *little*," laying emphasis on the last word, "and that very little allows me such small room for doubt as to my answer. You see," she continued, "you have all the disadvantages and I the advantages, for your offer would resolve itself into a business speculation for me; see how I should benefit myself by accepting you; your mother is the dearest friend I have ever known, you have money and position and I have never been allowed to feel that I have a smaller share of kith and kin than others before or since you came back, and I cannot be true to myself and my own ideas of honor and right if I do you the wrong of marrying you without affection,

let alone any warmer feeling. Then your mother, might I not forfeit her friendship if, as is only likely, she has other plans for her son? No, I am very sorry this has happened. We should neither of us be happy, I, because my self-respect would have vanished, and you, I have no doubt, would in a little while discover some flaw in your investment," she added half jestingly, "you are very good and kind so please forgive me for being honest with you."

"At any rate," said poor Bertie, "you will let things go on as they were, before I interrupted them."

Her reply was not distinct enough for him to catch, and he could not exactly ask her to repeat what she had said as she was leaving the room when he made the last remark.

(To be Continued.)

From Western Ontario to Manitoba.

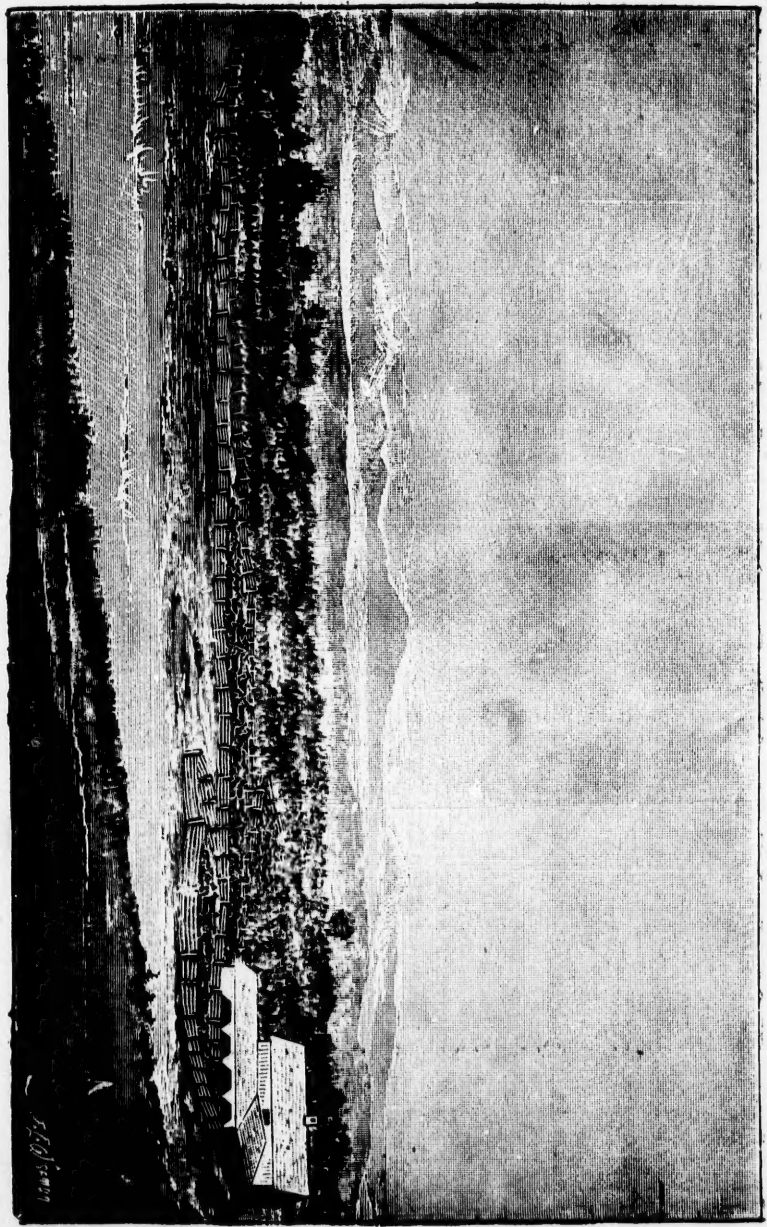
A TRIP IN 1867.

By K.

(For the Manitoban.)

IN the spring of 1867 the writer with his wife and a romping two and a half-year old son, accompanied a brother-in-law, his wife and a three year old son to "Red River," now Manitoba. Many and numerous were the remarks from relatives and friends on their being acquainted with our determination to proceed to this land of distances, a land, up to that date, almost worse than unknown. The most vague and unreliable knowledge was all that could be obtained. It was supposed to be inhabited by the wildest of roaming Indians, who took the greatest pleasure in raising the scalp on the top of any white man's head. Leaving Western Ontario on the 6th April of the year above mentioned, we boarded the Great Western train for Detroit, having there to wait a number of hours to make "close connection for Chicago." At Chicago we took train for La Crosse, Wisconsin, on the Mississippi, at which place we arrived without anything

STOCK RANCHE IN THE TERRITORIES, WESTERN CANADA.



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special. Here we took passage by steamboat for St. Paul. This part of our journey being very beautiful was greatly enjoyed.

Raft after raft of boards were met of enormous size on which houses were built for the accommodation of the raftsmen. On arriving at St. Paul we again took train for St. Cloud. Here we began to be bothered with "yarns" told by American "agents" to the detriment of our Northwest.

We were now at the end of the railway, the jumping off place as it were. How or in what way we were to proceed on (yet several hundreds of miles) our journey was a puzzle. Having no conveyance of our own and not sufficient means to purchase, we were compelled to take what I might call pot-luck. Now we found we had started too early. The old Red River carts which periodically went from Fort Garry to St. Paul and St. Cloud for supplies (merchandise) had not and would not arrive for some time. These carts were our only expectation whereby we might procure passages for our small families over the wilds of Minnesota and Dakota. For this reason we were compelled to lay up for some time awaiting their arrival.

Dr. J. C. Schultz, now our honored Lieutenant-Governor, had arrived from Fort Garry with some six or seven carts which were in camp at Sauk Center, some sixty miles west of St. Cloud. Having seen the Doctor in St. Cloud, we arranged for the passage of our wives and children. We men were to "foot it" and foot it we did. The doctor was the first whiteman we ever saw with moccasins on.

We took the noted western stage from St. Cloud to Sauk Center, and on arriving, a native, the first we ever saw, with a "Red River" cart and pony was in waiting to convey our wives and children to the camp. The ladies thought the whole outfit so ludicrously comical that they utterly refused to be conveyed out of town by it and it returned without us. To camp next morning we walked and were detained there a number of days in a sad plight on account of rain. Bed and bedding, everything were wet, but there was no escaping from it. At last the time came

when we were to start on our overland journey. We wondered if the wolves would feast on the ponies before many days, they were so very poor. Our wives mounted the carts with a doubtful meaning laugh and we were away.

That night we camped on the open prairie, without fire, the ground being damp and cold. Early next morning we started. After going about a mile we noticed one cart had not started; the pony had balked. We waited their return to assist, but go he would not. After all our driving pony had been exhausted the native driver said to me "h-ho-hold on b-bi-Bill while I g-get a r-r-rope." A rope was got and tied to the pony's tail, and then to my great amusement, to the cart. The collar was taken off the pony's neck, the cart saddle left on to keep up the cart shafts or trams. The pony was told to g-go and go he did, drawing the loaded cart by his tail. How I wondered. Noon came and he had to be untied to hunt for his dinner. We hear "w-we-we'll w-we'll hitch up" Hitch up was obeyed but go this same pony would not. All of a sudden he bolted with his load, straight for a lake near by. The writer caught hold of the hind part of the cart, when on the run and twisting, turned the pony away from the lake. When he found he could not get to the lake he stopped and stood as determined as a post. The rope and tail was again brought into use, the collar removed when away he went.

Thus we slowly progressed, but this "tail" is nearing its end. In crossing a small but muddy creek nearly all the hair pulled out of his tail, thus freeing himself from the cart. Of course the driver did not know w-what t-to do. Finally the pony was properly hitched to the cart and left alone to his own sweet will. This he did not appreciate. Finding himself alone he quietly started to follow. We waited until he was near by. We then moved on, he still following and caused us no more trouble. We men began to find our feet very sore travelling through so much water and mud. Bridges were a thing unknown. Crossing creeks and rivers as best we could was no child's play in early spring. We did not whine or regret as many others have done under

less trying circumstances. On arriving at Fort Abercrombie, a trading post in Minnesota, we were informed that the Sioux Indians were on the war path and strongly advised not to proceed, our party being too small for defence. We also learned that a long train of wagons were expected in a few days going our way as far as Georgetown on the Red river, so we concluded to wait. A company of American mounted soldiers were sent out to look for Indians while we were there it having been reported they were around by the mail driver who accompanied by two men with a pony and cart had just arrived from Pembina. They reported they were attacked by Indians one of whom they killed. After scouring the country the soldiers returned, but of course saw no Indians. Here was our first sight of buffalo dried meat of which we did not take kindly to. After some three days of waiting the train of wagons arrived and we all moved on. At night a corral or circle was formed with the wagons and carts in which all horses were secured for the night. A number of teamsters were told off as guard but nothing special occurred until the next day at noon when a most ridiculous hub-hub and stampede of the Indian fearing Yankee began. At a distance could be seen something, what it was the unpracticed eye could not tell. Our native drivers said it was hunters who were driving loose animals. This they knew by the actions or movements visible. The American teamsters imagining them to be Indians were jumping on their horses preparing to leave goods and wagons and have a little "Bull's Run" all to themselves. In the mean time it turned out as our drivers had said, after which a good deal of chaffing was indulged in. Once more a start was made, on we went passing desolate houses, caused by the Minnesota massacre, always keeping the Indians before our minds. We never sleep without our guns by our side, and carried them wherever we went. On arriving at Georgetown we crossed over by means of a ferry boat to the west side of the Red River. The ferryman was a comical little man with a pair of buck skin pants, about five sizes too large, and stretched at the knees before and behind out of all proportions. Methinks I can see

those crooked pants yet. Here the train of wagons left us, after which time we always carried a white rag on a pole tied to a cart as a flag of truce to the Indians. The mud and water through which we tramped I can never forget. At Georgetown I tasted my first pemican, the looks of which I thought worse than the taste, but how our little boys *did* enjoy it and how our wives turned up their noses and scolded them for eating it. It is to this day amusing to number their dislikes to the "horrid stuff" especially when I know how well they liked it in after years.

After many serious, as well as laughable incidents, we arrived at Pembina in complete health; crossing over the line we were once more on British soil, when we felt at home again, and pleased to think our journey was near o'er. Our trip from the time we left Ontario until we arrived at Fort Garry, (now Winnipeg,) occupied seventy-two days which is just about the time it now takes to travel around the world. We met, during our journey, eleven hundred and eighty eight carts all bound for St. Paul or St. Cloud for merchandise. These carts have since all disappeared and like other ancient articles their usefulness is gone. And what a change, instead of the squeaking cart as it winds in and out, slowly making its way over the prairie trail, we have the iron horse flying over the bands of steel which circle the globe in all directions.

Our Temperance Leaders.

NAMES and addresses of delegates to the Prohibition League Convention, held in Winnipeg, January 18-20th, 1892:

- Rev. Joseph Hogg, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg,
- Rev. Alfred Andrews, President Methodist Conference, Virden.
- Rev. W. J. Hall, pastor Presbyterian Church and Grand Chief Templar, I.O.G.T., Stonewall.
- Rev. W. A. Vreeman, pastor Methodist church, Melita.
- Rev. C. A. Edwards, pastor Methodist church, Sidney.
- Rev. H. Kenner, pastor Methodist church, Glenboro.